

AMAZING YEO- YEO OFFER!



NEWS ITEM: June 22, Sir William Yeo has approved the issue of the Vietnam Medal.

The medal portrays a naked Anzac, symbolising Australia's lack of defence-preparedness and

the latent homosexuality of the nation's ethos.

The naked Anzac is seen disappearing up Australia's international credibility gap.

day

DIED ON 'He loved children'

MAY 28, CAIRO. Eight people were trampled to death here today in the stampede to see a "vision" of the "Virgin Mary" which was said to have appeared in one of Cairo's suburbs.

A spokesman for the Church said he couldn't be sure about the "vision" but it was certainly a miracle that mass hadn't been killed. He noted that this was "in some ways that God's on our side." The Israeli Foreign Office declined to comment.

At last report, none of the victims appeared to have been restrained.

MAY 28: Gorton left for the USA; Mrs. Gaudin prepared to leave Melbourne for Sydney. The Indian PM's meeting continued; the Australian PM's dissent was evident.

MAY 29 The RSPCA decided that they would accept the *Joe Day* license. "We can only speak from the animal point of view," looked RSPCA assistant secretary, Mr. F. Power, "and I don't think they will give a license where the money comes from."

The RSPCA will use the money to construct a new section for stray girls.

John McEwen announced to Parliament that ASD will have won the election \$34 million this year and can be expected to cost \$4 million next year.

It is expected that the Commonwealth's contract for security work may be taken away from ASD and given to Hecor Crawford Productions, who in the past have been able to come up with a crime/solution ratio of one a week on a somewhat more modest budget.



JUNE 6: "Barbarian prince" Menzies (The Age) It was Sir Robert (going off on his honeymoon) (Hanson) (Hollingsworth) - his last

My dreamy day THE JOB

chance to do something worthwhile for the country—but it might just as well have been his conscription on the RPK assassination.

JUNE 7: The editor of the Melbourne "Jewish Herald," Mr. David Lefkowitz, vowed to fight an injunction from the Victorian Board of Deputies to drop Sydney columnist, Mark Braham, or to face a boycott. "I don't make a living out of my Jewish subscribers. If I go down, I'll keep going to the end for the freedom of the Press."

Braham's column, which had recently criticized the incoherence of Israel's Foreign Policy, was later dropped—a very sad and serious reflection on the Jewish community's tolerance of a free discussion of the Middle East question.

JUNE 8: Arthur Rylands joined The Group, so did the Big Z (who at least was witty enough to know it wasn't on her own merits, bless her) and Sir Denham Healy (our Senator in) for allowing Gordon Lusk over the leadership of the Government in the Senate last year without too much fan. Lionel Rose was blighted for being an Aborigine (aren't we all at heart?), and Bill Harris was also for being a Catholic (aren't there was also a whole host of commonly forgettable people and names from the list some truly plain, which is as it should be).

Mrs. Mary Stiken, mother of the son of the same name, sent a telegram to give condolence to the Kennedy family and, incidentally, to let her fellow-Americans know she existed. Charges should be marked "Not negotiable."

JUNE 9: The Kennedy Family Two incidents suggest that even the First Family themselves are capable of human weakness—the presence of Mrs. King at every turn and Jackie's baggage in JFK thought after the funeral. Plans are for storage in the rear—dead, not for display of widow-solitude.

JUNE 10: One of the delegates at the Congress Liberal Party Conference was

an Aborigine, Mr. Nev Bonner. Explaining his choice of party, Mr. Bonner explained that the Liberals had done more than any other party for his people, which is strictly accurate if it's a little unfair. Well-known friend of the Gavel, Sir Denham Healy, was unavailable to accept the accolade of the Party.

JUNE 10: DLP Deputy Leader McMahon's revelation that there had been talks between his party and representatives of the ALP came just in time to cause the greatest upset in ALP circles—consistent with the Eastern State confusion. Whatever their alignment, there can be little doubt of the DLP's loss of political faith.

JUNE 12: The Queen may visit Sydney in 1970 for the 250th Anniversary of the settling of the British in Australia. In the meantime she will play the small cameo part of Captain Cook.



JUNE 13: What is it about the Call of the Services that makes Capt. Robertson order sympathy to be shown to the Mary? Or makes Capt. Rule, after his Army order about "I have no intention of giving up the Army. What has happened is just one of these things?"

Announcing the dropping of all charges against Rule, Army Minister Lyden told the House that Rule had "arrived with an stain on his character or reputation." Its possible Lynch believed it—his certainly might enough to.

JUNE 14: Simon Townsend's family was his exemption from National Service. After the decision he went to Eastern Command and underwent a medical examination, the first military instructions he had obeyed voluntarily for a long time—well over.

JUNE 20: The SMH carried a sweet story about Sir Denham Healy's victory in New York. The next day they ran an equally bigger, nastier in Gordon's Press club speech. There must be an awful lot of these much-published "sail" in New York.

At the Eleventh Hour, electoral arrangements for the 1970 South Australian seat of Mulka were discussed in a small circle of 10 voters previously uninvited, and rolled in to vote them. At this stage every vote counted vital. One had reason of the river being dredged for election-winning votes.

JUNE 21: Police need fear English demonstrators at Washington's "Reconciliation City" and also arrested large numbers. LBJ's much-vaunted Fight Against Poverty seems to be getting particularly vigorous.

JUNE 21: We presented them a weighted vote, raised SA's State Hall on the Melbourne radio. "There's no hope in the way (singers sang), he pointed as he calmly redistributed his maddie."

JUNE 21: Billy Watersworth staged an Aboriginal Bar-B-Q for the Federal and State Health Ministers (confronting at Darwin of all places) and four women. Gracie Kylesch—work, slumpry, python and other snakes.

While the Health Ministers were allowing their pelvises in preparation for any future threat from the North takeover, the local Aborigines were doing much the same thing, trading on rice, corn, and chow mein.

An Aborigine named "Vietnam" and as he pointed it in plate of curry and rice. "This number one baker. More better than bush tucker." (SMH)

Federal Health Minister Forbes had the good sense to be in ill-health and declined to participate in this culinary discussion.

JUNE 24: Robin Aiken returned from overseas with the conviction that there was a great need for more cash crops by other politicians.

Even before his careful analysis of the situation had been made public, most of his own Ministry were doing the usual political rounds "on spec," as it were, told the Premier would consider it a good idea.

Aiken explained that the main purpose of his trip was to return the visit to Australia of Italy's President Sgarbi. If that is true, the rate of exchange between Italian and Australian politicians must have recently suffered a sharp decline.



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4 OZ JULY

Late News

Recent public opinion polls show that Australian are

- Against abortion for prostitutes
- For euthanasia for consenting homosexuals
- ARE EQUALLY DIVIDED on the question of increased pensions for deserted Asian war-brides.

The board of O'Connell Oil Explorations announced a new strike last night. The company holds prospecting leases over the Sydney Stock Exchange, the site of Australia's richest nickel mines and oil wells.

Also in the news today was Silver Speculators NL, whose shares jumped spectacularly last week. Companies Branch investigators reported a "good show of hydrocarbons" in the company's Melbourne office after it was discovered that the companies books had been burnt when the directors fled to Chile.

The Joseph Borg Lion Park, due to open near Sydney in August, is threatened by court action. Mr. Borg's widow will contest the will of her late husband who left most of his fortune for the establishment of a "lion show". It will be alleged that the will misrepresents her late husband's intentions and that he was never at any time interested in lions. The court will be asked to declare that there was a misprint in the will and that all the Borg fortune should be used to set up a 37-acre lion show.

Victorian police have issued 14 summonses against Monash University students involved in a mock Crucifixion ceremony. Acting on a reliable tip-off from a paid informer, charges of "offensive behaviour" were laid against Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Andrew, Thomas, Simon, Timothy, Paul, Mary, Pontius and Pilate.

Professional League footballer and TV idol, Mark Kaynes was convicted today on charges of oversteering his income and of lodging too many tax returns. Kaynes, father of a third-grade baby who also suffers from muscular dystrophy, clasped the hand

of his paraplegic wife as he admitted that he had claimed nothing for family medical expenses.

"It was a stupid thing to do," he told Mr. Eagles S.M. "I knew that someone would find out sooner or later but everyone says the Tax is fair game."

A man who pleaded guilty in Central Court yesterday to a charge of indecent exposure, appeared wearing a pink see-through vatic suit with matching erise wedge shoes. The man, Sir William Goss, claimed to be a "grazer and publicist". Police evidence established that the man had offered to expose his "pure natural fibres" to a woman in the next cubicle. The defendant said that he always dressed in an individual manner and upbraided the magistrates for being a double-breasted conservative as he was led away.

The "Cyclamatic controversy" took a new turn today when manufacturers of another artificial sweetener conceded that their product should be used "with caution and always under a doctor's supervision." The company concerned, Colonial Sugar Refining Co., was reacting to reports of holes in the teeth and hearts of young babies. "Cardiac caries" were first noted at Crown Street Women's Hospital and subsequent West German enquiries have caused international concern.

The Crown's chief witness in a pack rape trial admitted today that all the youths charged had known her by a nickname and that she had indulged in "jangle ceremonies" with them almost every weekend for several years. The girl, Susan "Akachi" Hale, denied that she had led the youths on by constantly addressing them as "jacks" or as "wolf cubs".

Hale testified that she had been surprised by the attack as she had previously considered the youths to be "good natured". She admitted that the youths and she had spent frequent weekends together in National Park.

All youths were acquitted.

PHIZZGIGS

Pack 'em in

Sydney's University Club usually restricts membership to university graduates. Doctors and lawyers comprise the bulk of members and it is known as one of the more exclusive of the city clubs.

However, a short time ago, Premier Robert Askin (who is not a graduate) let it be known that he'd love to join. There was a fierce debate and so, lest one threat to snipe membership beat the People's Choice was admitted in the end.

Perhaps emboldened by Askin's success, non-graduates, Sir Frank Parker was admitted last month. This displeased a number of members who thought he might be out of place in a club for professional men with little of his taste for political intrigue and flamboyant entertainers. The club committee received several letters protesting against this invasion to no uncertain terms.

But again, victory went to the big battalions and the sifting process was admitted to pass his sixteen years in those surroundings to which several members still wish he was not accustomed.

However, for the time being, fortunately, the University Club is being spared Sir Frank's presence by his rejection in South Africa, where he is currently holidaying and getting all the fun on how to shoot zebras, how good apartheid is and the like evidence information.

a prude prying

Last month's OZ reported the High Court's considerable judgment that a few weak jokes and flabby pages in "Cosmo" constituted "indecent", despite a strong judgment to the contrary by the highly regarded New South Wales Court of Appeal.

The most long-winded advocate of censorship in the High Court was Sir Victor Windeyer, who went so far as to cast aspersions on the moral fibre of his more liberal brethren in the Court below.

"To examine the photographs of young women one by one and to note in each what parts of their bodies were visible and to assess decency by reference to breasts and

buttocks seems to be a mingling of prying and prudery."

When the official report of Sir Victor's judgment was released in the Australian Law Journal, there was no sign of this particular passage.

Was Sir Victor censored by the A.L.J. editor or did Chief Justice Barwick recall every copy of the transcript in order to delete the offending paragraph?

Whoever the culprit, we only hope the old soldier will have the courage to put up a legal battle against such a House theme of his freedom to express opinion. Perhaps a protest to the N.S.W. Court of Appeal?

snags at 7

Sydney's ATN7 has long been known as the Topping Snags Factory.

The spicy savour of that long string of plastic-coated delicacies which has emerged from ATN since "Tooth" and "Autumn Affair" clings to every distant viewer's palate. Devotees of the channels "dinner" and "Eaten innsuit" cannot conceive a feast of such variety that it would be unbearable if it were not, in fact, just different slices from the same old sausage.

After a while, "Caribook", "People in Conflict", "Marriage Confidential", "Beauty and the Beast" and "Motel" all blend to-

gether and can be regarded as instalments in the one Big Daytime Show. Deja vu is greatly assisted by ATN's cost-bared badgers. The same sets appear with almost the same actors for different shows, while lighting plots are borrowed and everything is almost identically under-estimated.

Forgoing the quality of the output, the quantity is staggering. In just one week, one ATN copiers (Keriff Stone) worked on 23 shows.

One half-hour "Motel" has to scramble on to the screen every day. "People in Conflict" gets little rehearsal but still takes time and while the housewife questions are being pushed through, "Movie Magazine", "McDuckley" and "The Barbers" meet somehow again.

As well, there are the experiments for new shows. Recently, several pilots were made for a new Carol Kaye show scripted by Ann Dennis before anyone admitted it had been a disaster. Even "You Can't See Second Cousins" was subject to experiment in its death throes.

Terrified that the studios would remain empty and positions over the last summer "layoff", someone decided to make a feature film of "You Can't See Second Cousins" and anyone can whip up a script.

The very trouble was that the studio cameras ran at 25 frames per second and cameras for external location work ran at 24 frames. Something had to be done. The simplest method was to replace a few cogs in the location cameras—but ATN (Australia's Tighest Network) found that

Sergeant, you are to drive divisiveness and violence from the hearts of men everywhere



this would cost some \$90. So, in a worthy attempt to save money, the village on the overseas was hoisted (over technicians' protest) and the shooting was done at an extra cost.

Unfortunately, when it came to processing, all the soundtrack was out of synchronization because of the pump-punching village change.

Film editors then spent months explaining to the results crew, we hear, he uses to be properly appreciated.

Loan or loss?

South Vietnam's chief of secret police, Loan, was the pay-up boy on the front cover of last OZ. He was pictured blowing another road for the Green Society. The road in that particular case belonged to a VC soldier captured during the Tet offensive in Saigon. Without question or pretense of a trial, Loan drew a pin and shot him in the head.

Several film crews and a dozen press photographers came in here been on hand for the show. Within a day the photo was familiar right round the world. Not all the stories during the Tet were concocted by the vicious Charlie.

Some days later, Loan was watching U.S. troops go into Chuoin, the Chinese quarter of Saigon, to kill the last of the military. He was in an observation post with an other high-ranking Vietnamese official when U.S. artillery opened up on support of the troops. It was very accurate shelling and then was dropped to miserably short that it collected the post, wounding Loan and killing most of the others.

Significantly, they were all supporters of Marshal Ky, whom the Americans are trying hard to replace. There is the current choice for full power (this has Ky will not accept order gracefully, Loan is one of his strongest supporters and, as chief of the secret police, he has enormous summary power).

The suggestion is that the shell did not drop alone—rather that it was dead on target.

Loan is so badly injured that he must go overseas very shortly for treatment. The logical place to go is America. But public reaction to the Tet murder—which received all the visual treatment that could be cost color TV networks can give—would force any trip to America into a nightmare. Or another assassination.

So where? And so it looks as though good Old Aussie will be nurse to one of the best-known warzone killers among Allied troops, this was only some months after the government refused permission for wounded Vietnamese refugee children to be brought here for treatment. On the grounds that it could be given (and sent to Vietnam). What is it about Loan that brings about an abrupt change of attitude? It is not as though the hospitals were full of Vietnamese patients... and we have no special expertise to justify the trip.

Perhaps Australia is just a bit tight-

perhaps wrongly

When the Prime Minister reported to a breathless nation on his recent junket to South-East Asia the role of Banks was appropriately moved by Mr. Allen Reid, political correspondent (or henchman) for the Packer group.

Standing before a National Press Club still reeling from the insanity of Mr. Gorton's speech, Mr. Reid mentioned with his usual spanning originality that Australia was known as "The Lucky Country".

And by God, with Mr. Gorton as Prime Minister it's going to need to be.

The last few months have shown that Mr. Gorton's most severe critics have been alarmingly wrong. He is not only going to be a bad Prime Minister, he will, people be almost convinced, he is not only going to be a worse Prime Minister than Harold Holt, which six months ago would have been stretching credulity, he is not only going to be the worst Prime Minister in the world, which is a statistic Australians are growing used to. He is going to be—in fact he already is—the worst Prime Minister that any other country has ever had.

Next to Mr. Gorton, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, Sir Anthony Eden and the pastorelli, Mr. Harold Macmillan, are regarded as reasonable and sane. And Sir Gordon Gorton is regarded as a man of thoughtful progressiveness.

The danger of Mr. Gorton is not that he can't think (his has never been said, and anyway it's a failing common to politicians in making some very successful ones). The real problem is that he refuses to listen to people who can.

Since the first picture of him holding a shovel appeared in the Press shortly after he became Prime Minister (immediately before his visit to Washington), he has been a Brisbane schoolboy. The man has gone from worse to appalling. His latest cabinet colleagues are not only disillusioned, they're downright scared. It is an open secret that most of the decision making is being carried out by McMahon, Forster and Hallmark, with Barry continuing the can, Melbourne running interference (for both sides) and the junior ministers vainly trying to bulldoze the PM in corridors. One interesting insight to this is that the McMahon-Hallmark light has shimmered down considerably; they are being forced to work together, because Mr. Gorton's sole concept of political power seems to be to think up an idea in the bath, and announce it at the usual possible time.

There has also lately, it must be said, been a Prime Minister who is so totally oblivious to the opinions of the permanent heads of the Commonwealth Departments—who even Menzies allowed a say in the day-to-day making of policy, because he knew bloody well they knew more about it than he did External Affairs and Defence, particularly, who with pain and gloom for Mr. Gorton's next off-the-cuff statement on Australia's part in what he calls "the unending years".

The departments are indeed terrified. When Mr. Gorton starts talking at "an anti-war type defence forum" Defence, Army, Navy and Air throw their hands up in despair. The work of decades is nullified when he tells the American press that he's not sure whether the ANZUS treaty covers Malaysia and Singapore, External Affairs groans with frustration: all he had to do

was ask. When he takes of a non-aggressive pact with Indonesia, External Affairs curls up in a corner and cries, surely the man must know that Indonesia won't, and can't, be it?

But of course, he doesn't. Nor does he ask his. His reliance on "speaking from the heart", as he calls it (joined as he is by the absence of the brain) has also caused grief to his press secretary, Tony Eggleston, who plied Holt and Menzies through some of their more idiotic gaffes. "Take his message to the troops in Vietnam that only 'a few rats' were worried about their being there. He attempted to explain this away in the National Press Club speech (the first he has actually prepared) was pretty. By 'rats' he said, he did not mean the 85% of world population against the Vietnam war, or even the 42 per cent of Australians who were unhappy about our participation. He meant the people who carry placards instead of writing letters to newspapers which support him."

Again, he was asked: Was our defence policy making sense because he couldn't say so his way? Well, no, it wasn't that way at all. He had ordered a lot of hardware, including a submarine ("my submarine," he correct himself hastily). And then there were the F-111s...

Meanwhile, Mr. Lynch was sinking steadily deeper into the shit, Mr. McMahon defended the Vietnam policy by saying we'd do it all again and wait on to join with Mr. Farball in shooting down Mr. Barry's plans for an alternative to military confrontation, and Mr. Hewlett returned from the five-point conference to tell Austria he would say "very little".

One can hardly blame him. De the state front the Liberal Party in Queensland is tearing itself apart, the coalition is in real trouble in Victoria and Western Australia, and the lightning for the leadership of the NSW Upper House is the driest ever.

So what does the Prime Minister do to give a lead in this chaos? Asked about New Guinea, he replies: "I believe—perhaps wrongly, but certainly... it is a



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but certainly

by
Our Political
Correspondent

phrase that should be engraved on his grave-stone and probably on a lot of other people's as well.

And this is the man, you laugh, that they put up to beat Whitlam? Well, just take a look at Whitlam.

Given before the three State conferences in June, it was fairly clear the ALP was going to do itself more harm than good by public debate. Mr. Hurrendine, now fairly well established as the Man Who Bored the heckling, had apologised for calling members of the Federal Executive "friends of the communists," and by doing so had knocked down any hope of a special federal conference to try and sort things out. The DLP was saying openly that it had been approached by certain members of the ALP with a view to reuniting. The stage was set for a national split between left and right.

There was at least one attempt to forestall this, by a number of N.S.W. left wing union officials. Seven of them went to Mr. Whitlam, and made it fairly clear that if he could use his influence to gain a reasonable left wing representation on the N.S.W. state executive (say a third) they would try to use theirs to get some of his supporters on the Victorian executive.

It was not altogether an idle suggestion. The seven men were all federal secretaries of very large unions, and they had a lot of support. And while they could not break the power of the Trade Union Defence Committee—and therefore the Victorian left—overnight, they could certainly do a lot about bringing it to heel.

Mr. Whitlam listened to them with interest, and they came away with the impression that he would do his best. It is not known what he did, but it is quite certain that the N.S.W. right wing, run by the state president, Mr. Oliver and the state secretary, Mr. Colbourne, refused to give the left wing any say at all.

The situation in Victoria is no better. When Mr. Brown, scion of the left, attacked Whitlam, the conference stood and applauded Mr. Holding, the parliamentary leader, spoke round nervously and disappeared to stand too. Discipline in a Labor conference, as the better part of valor—and the retention of power, however meaningless, is the best part of all.

This, and other equally depressing incidents at both states, were again to the point and to card-carrying members of the Labor Party—many of whom resigned after

taking a look at it. Mr. Cyril Wyetham, the party's federal secretary, is said to have contemplated it himself after a few goes at preaching unity to the unconconvertible. There is no doubt at all now that it has all come down to a personal basis: there are people in the party who do not just disagree with each other—they hate with a hatred that transcends all reason. And as most of them hold some sort of power base, the chances of reconciliation within the party are nil, no matter how many unity plans are made.

The next interesting of the scenes that were made in the two states came from Mr. Bourke, who, by virtue of being the oldest member present (61 years in the party) was given the privilege of winding the N.S.W. conference up. Mr. Bourke, of course, said that Labor would never get anywhere unless it was unified, and he spoke of the enormous fines the unions were due to pay after the projected strike campaign over awards in the retail trades. Wouldn't it be nice, he went on, if this sort of money could be made available for a Labor Party election fighting fund?

The union delegates jaws dropped, and then they roared with laughter. Put money on Whitlam to beat the worst Prime Minister in history? You must be kidding.

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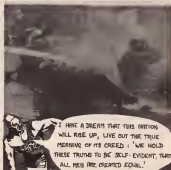
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I HAVE A DREAM

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I HAVE A DREAM THAT EVERY VALLEY
SHALL BE EXALTED, EVERY HILL AND MOUNTAIN SHALL BE
MADE LOW, THE ROUGH PLACES WILL BE MADE PLAIN, AND THE
CROOKED PLACES WILL BE MADE STRAIGHT.



ALL OF EGG'S CHILDREN WILL SING,
'PRIDE AT LAST, PRIDE AT LAST, GUILT
DID A-NIGHT, WE ARE FREE AT LAST'



WITH THIS FATE...
WE WILL BE FREE.



MARTYRED LOTHAR KING



sydney underworld revisited



In October, 1965, OZ ran a Guide to the Sydney Underworld. The response was amazing. Sydney's No. 1 crim. wrote in a long threatening letter and demanded a retraction of our allegations about him. His son, 17, enemy, Jacky Steele, bought up issues of OZ and sent them to a few friends. He was later shot from a moving car and only a miracle saved him. Steele was attacked because of his OZ postings—we know because we got hold of the relevant police minutes (published in OZ No. 26).

Three years later the underworld is still shooting at each other . . .

When Australia's High Commissioner to Malta, well-known bike rider Hubert Opperman, received a knighthood in the Queen's Birthday Honours List, Sydney crime reporters were not surprised.

It seemed a fitting tribute to the man who is at present running our immigration campaign in the country that has produced more successful Australian businessmen than any other in the world.

The most notorious, of course, was gentle-natured Irving Milborne Gale (the Writer) Borg, various parts of whom were retrieved last month from around his utility truck, under which an acquaintance had left a golf-club bag.

But, as they dogged throughout Sydney rejoiced at finding themselves in possession of \$550,000 worth of cash hoards, another successfully Milborne Gale—also confusingly named Borg—and a woman named Joan Marshall started to look over their shoulders, and under their cars.

The late Borg, and Milborne (familiar to readers of Sunday newspapers as "the women in red") are the two largest scam-busted owners in Sydney. They both have holdings in East Sydney—and they are both—according to both police and the underworld—having a little trouble keeping their businesses going in the free-enterprise way Mr. McPherson would wish.

But there are certain differences of opinion between the police and the underworld as to why this is so. The official police version, looked at dispassionately over the last few weeks, is that Joe Borg (and possibly the others too) was being somewhat lax on his Sydney's best-known shakedown men, whose assets in quite similar to those who made cold calls, but can hardly be used in this context for fear of steel and loss of life.

As Mr. Borg would not play, the police expect with a strong strut, he got his. And, while it would be unfair to say there was anything at the CID, it would be a downright lie to suggest the entire police machine went into action to apprehend the person or persons allegedly quite well known.

The underworld takes a rather more cynical view of all this. Mr. Borg had nothing at all to fear from shakedown men, it is explained, because he was really only acting as a front man for a fairly well-known politician anyway. And it was his refusal to co-operate fully with this politician that led to the RSPCA's unexpected windfall.

Whether version is correct, no one is tentatively surmising about an early arrest—at least until whoever actually placed the

bullet in it at least as dead as Johnny Warren, whom police recently decided shot because school owner Richard Reilly in Double Bay about a year ago.

Warren, we came out explicitly in the "The Informer" heading last month, shot himself after knocking off his part-time mistress and her part-time lover. (He had earlier shot other people besides Reilly, but this is beside the point). Police were glad they could finally charge someone (or rather two men who are most aptly to survive their trial, either through defence help or sheer old age), but their natural gestures were somewhat muted by the fact that, had Warren survived, he had planned to shoot Leslie McPherson, Statey Smith, Johnny Reager and Detective Sergeant Dave Jones (the last survived it, of course, a source of disappointment to the underworld rather than the police).

It would perhaps have been unfair to be very optimistic about Warren's chances of getting Leslie. People have lived before the most recent being Ducky O'Connor, who was shot to death in the Latin Quarter in the presence of two detectives.

The men who shot him is at present in custody on a relatively minor charge—murder, that is, accompanied with some of the things they should be charged with.

In fact several of the better-known gangsters round town are at present doing time for such minor offences as rape and conspiracy. Stanley Smith—Leslie McPherson's bodyguard—is in Perth, past Johnny Reager is in Laing Bay, Johnny Stuart is now in Mount Vernon Hospital. On the other hand there are others who are not doing time.

McPherson is still accused up in a half-trip ransack at Gladstone, with all the usual red-eyes (the shakedown and broken glass on the walls). The purpose of these, of course, is to keep angry underworld guests such as Jackie Steele, a criminal who has been shot and buried up

on more than one occasion. The police do not risk, even since the retirement of a well-known detective with whom McPherson used to conspire.

McPherson is a telling man, the more so as several of his former employees are now either dead or in jail. But the gravest any he has little trouble in finding someone for a spot of well-paid blackmail any now and then.

Many of these hideouts can be found in a Palmer Street pub called The Tradesman's Arms, and—as is less well known—in a Belmont hotel called Gladstone Club. Gladstone Club is something of a breeding ground for the young. It is a nice week when at least one piece of furniture doesn't vanish, and on one memorable occasion a member sent off two armchairs, the television set and a full poker machine.

Apart from the brothels, protection, gambling, drugs, and call girls, Sydney is a relatively crime-free city at present. The racketeers are well organized, and seldom inconvenience the average citizen, in spite of the brightness in the Sunday press. Those who used to organize armed robberies and safe cracking in a big way have either gone to ground, they have found there are simpler and less inconvenient ways of making money (see above).

Is going warfare a possibility? Probably not on any larger scale than to date, according to both police and underworld. There will certainly be more criminal murders, but often these murders are a result of personality clashes rather than organized takeover moves. The racketeers own surprisingly little, the right club owner who looks after many of the call girls does not directly with either the Weaverly women who is the Sydney house specialists, or with Mr. Borg or Mrs. Milborne's interests in illegal brothels.

However, the mortality rate remains fairly high and if all these people are so easily about as well as the other, the RSPCA's some assured of a steady income for some years.

Final note to be expected. If your interest would be standing in the corner of a pub—as Sydney's best-known intended victim does—there is a small chance. He will probably have a friend on each wall ready to hit you with crossfire. If using gangsters, attempt not to emulate the example of poor Graham Leslie McCall, who crossed the wrong pair of wires while setting up a car, and had to be scraped off the ceiling. Better still, have someone else to do it for you, the going rate is \$2000 for a real job, but someone can be obtained for as little as \$500.



PRANGO!

THE AIR ADVENTURES OF BUNGLES

by Capt. W. C. Johns (Ret'd.)

Everyone knows about the air adventures of Bugglesworth ("Bingles" to his friends) but few have failed to be equally stirred by the famous tales of Sen J. G. Gorton (known as "Bungles" to everyone) who brought down a couple of good planes (his own) during an all too short flying spell with the RAAF during World War II. Since then he has been invited to VIP Nights BUT READ ON.



"Got you, you Hunnish swine!" The harsh, familiar voice came from the bottom of the garden.

Bungles was playing "Hobart" and "Sparrow rockets" with the Army Minister in Lynd's backyard pool when Algy arrived. Inside, the "Bungles", as the Chief affectionately called his American wife, was listening to her favorite "Pax" Domino records. The pair of them lived, as usual even danced to politics. Together with Algy, they had just returned from winging through Asia.

Algy flipped through the logbook, which lay open, to remind him of those whiskered days.



SAIGON. They had arrived just in time for the shelling. At first Bungles had mistaken the noise: "Chinese New Year", he explained, immediately showing that grasp of local customs for which he is renowned.

"Chinese New Year all year round here", explained one of the local aides and he took it down carefully in his notebook for future speech-making.

There was a size crowd lining the road into town — quite a lot of them soldiers and postmen carrying messages in a foreign tongue which Bungles assumed to be friendly. Banners in English had spontaneously been thrown across the street saying: "Welcome Aussie", "Greetings" and a small one almost out of sight, "Turn back, stupid".

SINGAPORE. On his arrival, Bungles called a Press Conference to prove he was still alive. They asked him about Australian troops in Singapore, what was the capital of Malaysia and other searching questions.

Adroitly running the gauntlet of the questions and missing the point of

others, he told reporters that he would "like to keep all his options open". From time to time he even allowed them gaps.

In the evening was a formal dinner and an excellent opportunity for one of his famous convoluted speeches. He spoke well but with a slight intellectual impediment.

Depressing from the prepared text, he told an interesting anecdote about the Bishop and the Chinese prostitute. A few people were seen to smile.

At the conclusion of his speech, Bungles decided to look into the future. Adjusting his Moshe Dayan "Israeli-style" eye-patch, he saw a region with a technical base, an educational capacity, an administrative "princethood" and a White Australia.

It all seemed to go down terribly well with the natives, even if, at the Bungles explained later, the choice of the word "princethood" had shown a slight cultural gap.

KUALA LUMPUR. Next day he arrived in Kuala Lumpur just in time to miss the vital Five-power Defence Talks.

At his Press Conference he was asked his impressions of possible threats to security in the area. He said it was always difficult to spell out future threats. Illustrating the point, he proceeded to leave the "a" out of the "threats".

To a Malay reporter who asked about Vietnam, he carefully explained: "The situation clearly is that fighting is continuing." There was much sage head-nodding at this example of Bungles' tough-minded, pragmatically Australian way of thinking.

INDONESIA. And so it was last stop Djakarta. As ever, the Chief got along very well and the Bungles made little speeches in Malay, which went down about as well as the Indonesian speeches she had made in Kuala Lumpur.

Bungles' blunt, bluff style seemed to meet the approval of this land of bluff politeness.

On leaving Indonesia, Bungles was presented with a Pact and when the Pact was opened it turned out to be of a cultural nature.

"Just what I wanted", exclaimed Bungles, swallowing his disappointment behind his crumpled smile. Then turning to Algy: "What's culture?"

TO BE CONTINUED



Next month:

THE BUNGLES AIDS HIGH

PEARL HOBART



June 17, 1968—A date that will live in infamy. In the still hush of dawn, before any declaration of war, HMAS Hobart was devastated in a kamikaze raid by USAF suicide pilots.

Hobart was innocently masquerading as a fleet of VC helicopters at the time of the unprovoked attack. "We thought we'd just dress the ship up a bit", the Captain explained, crawling across the cabbies to his triple brandy, "seeing it's my birthday".

"We've been practicing this trick for years," grinned a US spokesman. "First of all those VC fishing sampans, then Russian ships at Haiphong, English merchantmen in the Saigon River and only the other week we got the police chief right in the eye! Name an ally and we've hit them".

Back on board, Hobart's navigation officer doled out collision courses as he said: "We thought we were safe, Jervis Bay is miles away—and Melbourne's still in dry dock".

Despite the shock, Hobart's commander quickly ordered his guns into action shortly after all aircraft had left the area. The USAF flight leader later praised this as "the act of give and take that can only strengthen the alliance". Washington observers were optimistic about the future of US-American co-operation and one stated that he was positive it would continue so long as Australia had ships and men.

the OZ organisation is expanding

Since April 1980, OZ has been finishing its roughy look at the current scene—and receiving lots of attention in return. OZ isn't a student production and it sells many more copies off-campus than on. Subscribers read it in Saigon, London, Singapore and from New York to Vienna. At home, it goes coast-to-coast every month being sold by newsagents, railway bookstalls, department stores, bookshops and newsboys.

As Australia's first and only satirical magazine, OZ has lampooned the popular and popularised the unknown. We made national figures of:

- Mr. Ed (Glen) The Talking Horse
- Pity—the kindest harbinger of them all
- AB—the scourge of suburbia

Not to mention the count ones which won important precedents for free speech, in OZ newsmen on Mike Green's, OZ Revue—and triumph in winning Playboy's 1980 Award for Bad Taste.

Our first Underworld Guide provoked threatening phone-calls, a garbled shooting and a letter from the graced punnie. With that sort of attention, how can you go wrong?

Archbishop Design's banned advertising, soap, Pity, tell papers, cowbooses, Ming don't go-go, More Lisa totes, new London OZ, how not to be a descendant, Hart train first tip to test, best Voyager rundown, annual awards for those whose best wasn't quite good enough and a host of unforgettable more.

HOW we need:

- business representatives in each State — for a watching eye on advertising, promotion and retail contact.
 - new writers—whether refugees from advertising, disgruntled novelists or new recruits.
 - cartoonists sick of drawing on walls.
 - Sydney and Melbourne advertising space salesmen.
- Don't wait for the OZ Deadline Appeal, write to us. Don't offer money, warm clothes or blankets—because OZ pays you.

YES! I want to

- sell advertising space
 - be a state business rep.
 - draw
 - write
- for OZ

Cut out and RUSH to

OZ, Box H143,
P.O. Oztralia Square,
N.S.W. 2000.

Enclose copy, artwork, yourself. Or write a sober letter. Enclose no wrappings.

INS &



Thomas Kaneally is **IN**; Morris West is **OUT**. Boos are **OUT**; Abos are **IN**. Anarchists are **IN**. Meditation is **OUT**; Indle is **OUT** (and forced to follow on). Brothel-keepers are **IN**; brothel-croepers are creeping back. Rapa is **IN** (in large groups). The New Frontier is **OUT**; the Great Society never came **IN**. Al Garrett's **OUT**; Hancock's **IN** (post-humously). Ikebana and bonzas are **OUT**; kami-kaze is **IN**. Arson is **IN**; carnal knowledge and homosexuality are **OUT**. Drugs are **OUT**; magic is **IN**. Trips are **OUT**; caravans are **IN**. Body-painting is **OUT**; body-stockings are **IN**. Andy Warhol is **OUT** (and may be some time). Andrew, Barry, Susan and Mrs. Jones are **OUT**. Ins Murdoch is **IN** (for children). Len Deighton is **OUT**; Kingsley Amis is **WAY OUT** (under a different name). Student and Black Power are **IN**; Power Rnso and Bequest are **OUT**. Tin Pan Alley's **OUT**; Tareq Alra **IN**. Speaking Indonesian is **IN**; speaking Italian is **OUT**. Posters are **OUT** (except in China). Censorship is **OUT**; prison reform is **IN**. Anti-fluoridation is **OUT**; anti-kangaroo shooting is **IN**. Drug-running is **OUT**; parrot-smuggling is **IN**. Christine Jorgensen is **OUT**; sex tests for athletics are **IN**. Max Harris is **OUT**; W. G. Wernworth is **IN**. Culottas are **OUT** but sanculottas are **IN**. The Mail is still **IN** in a small way; the Maxi never made it. Bonnie & Clyde are **OUT**; rolling a spade a Sidney Parker is **IN**. Mia Farrow is **OUT** (but not with Frank Sinatra). Divorce's **OUT**; bigamy's **IN**. The Pill is **OUT**; Interruptus is **IN**. The Roller Game is **OUT**; Indoor Bowling is so far **OUT** it's **IN**. Yoghurt and yoga are **IN**; yogi are **OUT**. Campbell's Soup is **IN**; palato is **IN**; Ray Taylor and Coon Chese went **OUT** together. Psychedelicatessens are **OUT**; Cebanosa is **IN**. "POW" is **OUT**; "PHFFFF" is **IN**. LBS is **OUT**; S.F. is **IN**; UBU is so far **IN** it's **OUT**. Nickel-Horsicking is **IN**; Silver

Valley and Mary Kathleen are **OUT**. The wharries are still **OUT**. Communists are **OUT**; Rough Reds are **IN**. Smooth leather is **OUT**; corduroy is **IN**. Alpine underwear is **OUT**. Nylon shirts are no more **OUT** than they ever were. Ivy League is coming back **IN**. Beatles are **OUT**; ballads are **IN**. Rag Lindsay and Chad Morpen are coming **IN** for a short spell. The Naked Ape is **OUT**. The Body is **IN** (another body). Cholesterol and chlorophyll are **OUT**; genetics and pediatrics are **OUT**. Cancer's **OUT**; autism's **IN** and diphtheria's on the way. The dogs are **IN**; the Trotskyists are **OUT**. Peter Westerway and Australian Reform are **OUT**. Ansley Gotto and the DLP are **IN**. Robert Helpmann's **OUT**; Betty Pounder's **IN**. Barry Humphries is **OUT** but not as far as Will Rushoon. Texans are **OUT**; Baptists are **IN**. Don Lane's **OUT**; Joe Borg's **OUT**; Sir William's **IN** (the Gunn). Simon Townsend's **OUT**; John Percy's **IN**. Svetlana's **OUT** but Philby's still **IN**. Herb Rent-a-Tenk is **IN**; mail order rifles are **OUT**. E.I.R., F-111 and A.I.D. are **OUT**. Beesophone is **OUT**; F.M. is **IN**. Tax evasion is **IN**; speculation is **OUT**. The Navy's **IN** (deeper than ever); CMF's **OUT**. Another Captain Robertson's **OUT**; earthquakes are **IN**. Marcy dashes are **OUT**; marcy killings are **IN**. Filians and Neurons are **IN**; Lebanese are still **OUT**. Brnre Arabs are **OUT**; unicorns are **IN**. Japanese Weadems are **IN**; dubbing is **OUT**. Opan berris is **OUT**; closed minds are **IN**. Charles De Gaulle's **IN** (by a nose). 10 million French workers are still **OUT**. Stripping is **OUT**; Sandra Nelson's further **OUT** than most. Sexs **OUT**; dancing is **IN** (only the straight up-and-down stuff). Prostate glands are **IN**; monkey glands are **OUT**. Sking is **OUT**, apres-sking is further **OUT** again; skating is **IN**. Monaco's **OUT**; Biata's **IN**. Single-handed circumnavigation is **OUT** and so is circumcision.



OUTS

From the Paris end of Collins Street

It began in the normal way. Five hundred Monash University students, protesting at the University's attempt to discipline students for smoking pot, staged a sit-in at the Administration building. After being out in the lobby for several hours, an impasse developed because the Vice-Chancellor wanted to go home. The University's parking standards were eased, and after a pitched battle those were sent home badly injured and seven students taken to the University's medical centre.

"Carnage at 'Varsity'", read Truth the following morning, and printed in graphic detail, how several girls had lost their shirts in the fight.

The following day three Liberal backbenchers introduced a Bill to comprehensively drift all student demonstrations. Right-winged students sat in at Monash, and two Melbourne Professors, who had defended the Administration, were picketed. Dr Kempthorne pointed out that all that was following a classic pattern of Communist take-overs, as first practised in Russia in 1919.

Over the week-end twenty-three unions threatened a general stoppage if four-paul-and-a-half for wage increases were not met.

The Premier, speaking, the latest Elton-CHP conspiracy, said that the communally could not tolerate economic blackmail. The Catholic bishops called for a day of prayer, and two Anglican ministers told their congregations that as God was dead it was a waste of time to come to church and they should be out demonstrating.

On Monday morning three thousand students and workers, four clergymen, an unspecified number of Communist agitators and a dog roared on Parliament House. The dog was run over by a police car. At Parliament House they were addressed by the leader of the Five Students' Committee at Monash, the Melbourne Committee for Democratic Reconstruction, and a visitor from Sydney. All of the speakers, as the Premier warned in the House, had brains.

At Victoria electricity workers went out on strike, leading to acute power restrictions. On the stroke of midday train-drivers parked their trains at all major stations. The commuters noted their twelve-day stoppage over the quality of waterproof clothing so as to be able to go out again in support of the electricity workers.

The Premier, now frowning slightly at the month, called for new anti-strike legislation.

The following day most university classes were cancelled and the Physical Education Centre at Melbourne was taken over by students, who proceeded to smudge over whether to wear a red or a black flag above it. Pseudo-anarchy was created at 'Ayerly' when all those students walked off the job and set up barricades in the hazy basement. Four hundred shoppers were trapped on the top floor when lifts and

escalators stopped running.

By the afternoon seven unions had supported the strike, and Mr Whitlam had flown to Darwin to explain his relations with the Victorian Labor Party. The Premier, arriving at Parliament House to greet his anti-strike associates, set in his car for his message that he refused his driver would not open the door for him. The President of the R.S.L. called for the establishment of a Committee of Public Safety. Then being no time, train or bus services, many city workers began a sleep-in in familiar style. The leader of the National Mutual Insurance Co Workers' Committee announced that although locked in their building, morale was fine and they could last out for three days.

That evening three more threats were taken over by parents. At one South Melbourne cinema two girls, watching the morning cry, were heard to wonder despondently why no one was attacking them. The Herald advertised on its front page that this was a time for long resistance and that all patriotic Victorians would rally behind the Premier.

The A.B.C. presented an hour-long panel discussion on the troubles in which the participants (two University Professors, one backbencher and a book-reviewer) agreed that the situation was grave. Two football teams threatened a strike on the Mait house Cricket Ground. The Governor cancelled a reception for City Councilors.

By the following day eighteen factories, three banks and the Richmond Ashkara were under the control of the rebels. The Premier ordered the police in, but the breakdown of public transport had so choked the roads that they couldn't move from Russell Street. One local council declared itself independent. The Prime Minister said that he was watching the situation with care, but it was basically a State matter.

On Thursday the students and union leaders announced a dual government and established headquarters in a Carlton house. The Premier ordered in the Army, Navy, Air Force, National Guard, Red Cross and Picketing Master associations, but as the G.P.O. was closed down he had no way of communicating his orders. Three Catholic priests joined the rebels, and promptly denied their vows of celibacy by getting themselves married by a defrocked diocesan priest. The Archbishop declared them excommunicated, and called for respect for the law and order. The head of the Vice Squad announced that Victoria's morality was now threatened and at any time the State was sold openly in Melbourne.

The Honourable Cabinet, being unable to leave the House, called for Federal assistance, but the Prime Minister and the Minister for Trade were both leaving for overseas conferences and left unable to help. Fightings at the Southern Cross Hotel denied a backbencher, and asked the rebels to establish headquarters there. R.S.L. rightwings fought back demonstrating making



a concerted drive for their base in the cariers suburbs.

By the week-end most of Melbourne had come under rebel control, and island groups seized control of Bendigo, Yallam, Mervell and Netherhill. The Premier, noticeably thinner, appeared on the balcony of Parliament House and begged for amnesty. Five thousand demonstrators called for his head, before remembering that they opposed capital punishment. The Cabinet decided to resign and communicated their desire to the Governor by carrier-pigeon. Meanwhile the Lord Mayor, the Chairman of Monash University and the President of the Stock Exchange were being held hostage in the Under Road.

On Tuesday morning the Governor announced he would ransom the leaders of the Student and Unions' Committee to take over the State Government provided they immediately held fresh elections. There was a temporary marriage as none of the leaders could find an appropriate suit to wear to meet him, but eventually the leaders of the rebellion were appropriately clad and commissioned.

The new Government has since taken a number of revolutionary steps, none of them of any consequence.

D.P.A.

I'VE HIT THE
ROAD, JACK



BOBBY
FOR
HAMLET

SHOT IN THE KITCHEN! CAN'T
WE RESTAGE IT IN A MOTEL ROOM?



GEE WALLIKER'S BOBBY,
PRIDE COMES BEFORE A FALL



I AM THE ONLY CANDIDATE
OPPOSED BY BOTH BIG-
BUSINESS AND ARABS.



I MISSED THE
FUNERAL TRAIN



BUT THE DYNASTY LINGERS ON.....

